

must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'lt heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurse. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, And yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shee's not fourteene. How long is it now to Lammastide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurse. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come Lammastide at night shall she be fourteene. Susan & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well Susan is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on Lammastide at night shall she be fourteene, that shall she marie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was wean'd I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Douchhouse wall, my Lord and you were then at Mantua, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did tast the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Douch-house, 'twas no neede I row to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a eleuen yeares, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th roode she could haue runne, & waded all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his soule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not Iule? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch leste crying, & said I: to see now how a leste shall come about. I warrant, & I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not Iule quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted, and said I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bume as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall't vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age: wilt thou not Iule? It stinted, and said I.

Iule. And stint thou too, I pray thee Nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nurs't, and I might liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame I came to talke of, tell me daughter Iule, How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iule. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou had'st suckt wisdom from thy teat.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you Heere in Verona, Ladies of esteeme, Are made already Mothers. By my count I was your Mother, much vpon these yeares That you are now a Maide, thus then in brieft: The valiant Paris seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lady, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. Veronas Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young Paris face, And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen: Examine euery feuerall liniment, And see how one another lends content: And what obscure'd in this faire volumelies, Find written in the Margent of his eyes, This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer, To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer, The fish liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride For faire without, the faire within to hide: That Booke in manies eyes doth share the glorie, In Gold claspes, Lockes in the Golden storie: So shall you share all that he doth possesse, By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse. Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men. Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of Paris loue? Iule. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue, But no more deepe will I endart mine eye, Then your consent giues strength to make flye.

Enter a Serving man.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur'd in the Parterry, and euery thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight.

Mo. We follow thee, Iule, the Countie staires.

Nurse. Goe Gyrle, seeke happy nights to happy daies.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with five or six other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this spech be spoke for our exchequer Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixitie, Wee haue no Cupid, hood winkt with a skarfe, Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of slath, Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper. But let them measure vs by what they will, Wee measure them a Measure, and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling, Being but heauy I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle Romeo, we must haue you dance.

Rom. Nor I beleaue me, you haue dancing shooes With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead So staketh me to the ground, I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow Cupids wings, And soare with them about a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpeared with his shaft, To soare with his light feathers, and to bound: I cannot bound a pitch about dull woe, Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I sinke.

Hora. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue, Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough, Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue, Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe, Giue me a Case to put my visage in, A Visor for a Visor, what care I What curious eye doth quote deformities: Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in, But euery man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart Tickle the fencelesse rushes with their heeles: For I am prouerbd with a Grandfier Phrase, Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on, The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

Mer. Tut.

Mer. Tut, duns the Moufe, the Constables owne word, If thou art dun, wee draw thee from the mire. Or saue your reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

Rom. Nay that's not so.

Mer. I meane sir I delay.

We wast our lights in vaine, lights, lights, by day: Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement sits Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske, Eut 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why may one aske?

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. In bed a sleepe while they do dreame things true.

Mer. O then I see Queene Mab hath bene with you: She is the Fairies Midwife, & she comes in shape no bigger then Agat-stone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,

drawne with a teeme of little Atomies, ouer mens noses as they lie asleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs: the Couer of the wings of Grashoppers, her Traces of the smallest Spiders web, her coulers of the Moonshines watry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone,

the Lash of Philome, her Waggoner, a small gray-coated Gnat, not halfe so bigge as a round little Worme, prick't from the Lazie-finger of a man, Her Chariot is an emptie Halclnut, made by the Ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time out a mind, the Fairies Coach-makers: & in this state she gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curties trait: ore Lawyers fingers, who strait dreamt on Fees, ore Ladies lips, who strait on kisses dreame, which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, because their breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime she gallops ore a Courtiers nose, & then dreames he of smelling out a fute: & sometime comes she with Tith pigs tale, tickling a Parsons nose as a lies asleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice. Sometime she driueth ore a Souldiers necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats. Of Breaches, Ambuscados, Spanish Blades: Of Healths flue Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which he startes and wakes; and being thus frighted, sweares a prayer or two & sleepe againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of Horses in the night: & bakes the Ellocks in foule sluttish haire, which once vntangled, much misfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs, That presses them, and learne them first to beare, Making them women of good carriage:

This is she.

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio peace, Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talke of dreames: Which are the children of an idle braine, Begot of nothing, but vaine phantasie,

Which is as thin of substance as the ayre, And more inconstant then the wind, who woos Euen now the frozen bosome of the North:

And being anger'd, puffes away from thence, Turning his side to the dew dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our selues, Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I feare too early, for my mind misgiues, Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,

Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date With this nights reuels, and expire the tearme Of a despised life clos'd in my breast:

By some vile forfeit of vtinelly death, But he that hath the stirrage of my course, Direct my sute: on lustie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with their napkins.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Where's Potpan, that he helpes not to take away? He shift a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?

1. When good manners, shall lie in one or two mens hands, and they vnwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the Ioyntstoiles, remoue the Court-cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, saue mee a piece of Marchpane, and as thou louest me, let the Porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell, Anthonie and Potpan.

2. I Boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for, and cal'd for, askt for, & sought for, in the great Chamber.

1. We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes, Be brisk awhile, and the longer huer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the Guests and Gentlemen to the Maskers.

1. Capu. Welcome Gentlemen, Ladies that haue their toes

Vnplag'd with Cornes, will walke about with you: Ah my Mistresses, which of you all

Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty, She Ile sweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?

Welcome Gentlemen, I haue scene the day That I haue worne a Visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare: Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,

You are welcome Gentlemen, come Musicians play: Musicke plaies: and the dance.

A Hall, Hall, giue roome, and foote it Girles, More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp:

And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot, Ah sirrah, this vnlookt for sport comes well:

Nay sit, nay sit, good Cozin Capulet, For you and I are past our dauncing daies:

How long 'ist now since last your selfe and I Were in a Maske?

2. Capu. Berlady thirty yeares.

1. Capu. What man: 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much, 'Tis since the Nuptiall of Lucentio,

Come Pentycost as quickly as it will, Some fife and twenty yeares, and then we Maskt.

2. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder fir: His Sonne is thirty.

3. Cap. Will you tell me that? His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.

Rom. What Ladie is that which dothni rich the hand Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not fir.

Rom. O she doth teach the Torch to burne bright: It seemes she hangs vpon the cheek of night,

As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare: Beauty too rich for vs, for earth too deare:

So shewes a Snowy Douch trooping with Crowes, As yonder Lady ore her fellowes showes;

The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand, And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did